itſelf to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity conſiſt.

Formed thus by the diſcharge of the relative duties of her ſtation, ſhe marries from affection, without loſing ſight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, ſhe ſecures her huſband's reſpect before it is neceſſary to exert mean arts to pleaſe him and feed a dying flame, which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendſhip and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection.—This is the natural death of love, and domeſtic peace is not deſtroyed by ſtruggles to prevent its extinction. I alſo ſuppoſe the huſband to be virtuous; or ſhe is ſtill more in want of independent principles.

Fate, however, breaks this tie.—She is left a widow, perhaps, without a ſufficient proviſion; but ſhe is not deſolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has ſoftened ſorrow into melancholy reſignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondneſs, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a ſacred heroic caſt to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye ſees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort

fort now muſt flow, and whoſe approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abſtracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope that the eyes which her trembling hand cloſed, may ſtill ſee how ſhe ſubdues every wayward paſſion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raiſed to heroiſm by misfortunes, ſhe repreſſes the firſt faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her ſex—forgets the pleaſure of an awakening paſſion, which might again have been inſpired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleaſing, and conſcious dignity prevents her from priding herſelf on account of the praiſe which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brighteſt hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often ſtrays.

I think I ſee her ſurrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets hers, whilſt health and innocence ſmile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up the cares of life are leſſened by their grateful attention. She lives to ſee the virtues which ſhe endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to ſee her children